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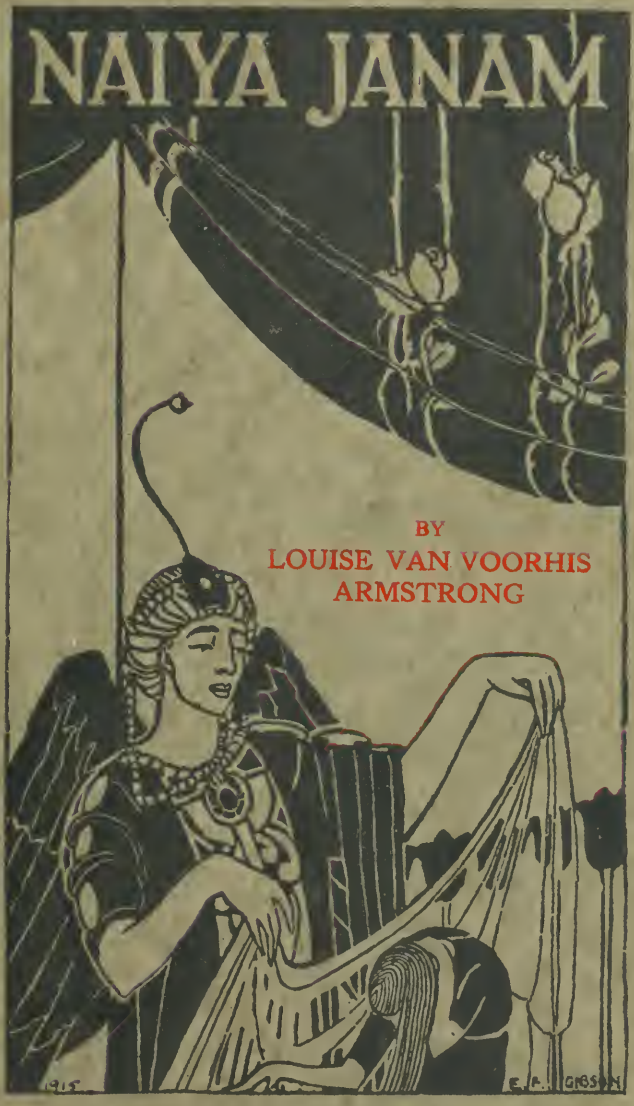
NAIYA JANAM



BY

LOUISE VAN VOORHIS ARMSTRONG

Naiya-Janam

A PLAY

By

Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong

PS3501
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1915

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JUN 14 1915

Naiya-Janam

THIS PLAY was written for and first produced by the Girls' Life Class Association, at the Art Institute of Chicago, April 14, 1915. The music of the play was composed by Mr. Frederick P. Hart. The scenery and costumes were designed and executed by members of the Association.

Naiya-Janam

(Reincarnation)

By LOUISE VAN VOORHIS ARMSTRONG

PROLOGUE

SCENE—The Home of The Girl.

Characters

THE GIRL.....Dorothy Hope Smith
(Before the curtain—Dorothy Phelps)
THE MAN.....Alice Paine
THE SIREN.....Helen Munsell
ZAHIR-U-DIN, an East Indian servant.....Mildred Chamberlain
THE DJINNEE.....Marian Gahan
GUESTS—Mary Napier, Portia Jacobs, Garada Clark, Alice Harvey, Isabel Howell, Elsinore Girton, Ruth Larson.

THE PLAY

ACT I.

A FOOL FOR A DAY

Scene—The Hall of the Sieur de Beaulieu's Chateau

Characters

THE LADY YOLANDE.....Dorothy Hope Smith
ARNULF DE VERMANDOIS.....Alice Paine
SIEUR DE CHATEAU BEAULIEU, father of Yolande.....Florence Hunn
FLORIMOND DE CHASTELLET, a young courtier.....Helen Munsell
ODO, a jester.....Fay Turpin
A PALMER.....Dorothy Todd
A SERF.....Laura Brey
MUSICIANS.....{Katherine Strode, Elsinore Girton}
TIREWOMEN.....{Blanche Dalton, Helen Wallace}
FOLLOWERS OF THE CROSS—Constance McMartin, Frances Bulot, Ruth Burger, Adona Conklin, Margaret Huntoon, Marion McKittrick, Victoria Shekelton, Beatrice Link, Katherine Foster, Juanita Carter, Nancy Alexander, Mary Berg, Margaret Hickman, Cateau Rolff, Sue Seeley, Vera Mun, Marjorie Willsie.

Costumes and setting for this act designed by Helen Munsell.

ACT II.

THE GIFT FROM PHOENICIA

Scene—The Palace of Pharaoh Sesokhris

Characters

TARURU, the favorite of Pharaoh.....Dorothy Hope Smith
PHARAOH SESOKHRIS, ruler of Egypt.....Alice Paine
HERKHUF, his Councillor.....Florence Hunn
BAURDEED, commander of the Elders.....Alice Harvey
ZAZAMANKH, a soothsayer.....Dorothy Todd
THE AMBASSADOR FROM PHOENICIA.....Frieda Helle
THE GIFT.....Margaret Caldwell
NUBIAN SLAVES..... { Marguerite McCabe / Ella Ruckle
FAN BEARER .....Sameera Attijeh
ATTENDANTS, worshippers of Ra, etc.—Garada Clark, Evylyn Lyon, Olive Ashbey, Helen Sawyer, Katheryn Swartout, Mary Napier, Hildegarde Kirkwood, Ruth Burger, Vera Mun, Sue Seeley, Frances Bulot, Constance McMartin.

Costumes and setting for this act designed by Fay Turpin.

ACT III.

THE SLAYER'S REWARD

Scene—A Primordial Village.

Characters

THE REWARD.....Dorothy Hope Smith
THE HUNTER.....Alice Paine
THE SLAYER.....Charlotte Markham
THE FATHER.....Florence Hunn
VILLAGERS—Laura Brey, Elsinore Girton, Katherine Strode, Portia Jacobs, Constance McMartin, Ella Ruckle, Frances Bulot, Mildred Chamberlain.

Scenery for this act designed and executed by Thilda Olson.

Properties by H. W. Armstrong.

ACT IV.

THE SOUL OF THE DRYAD

Scene—An Enchanted Grove.

Characters

THE DRYAD.....Dorothy Hope Smith
THE SHEPHERD.....Alice Paine
THE SIREN.....Fay Turpin

PAN.....Bess Devine
PRIDE, JEALOUSY, GREED } Evil Spirits { .....Katherine Strode, ...Marion Clark, ...Rose Cohan
NYMPHS—Garada Clark, Hildegarde Kirkwood, Margaret Caldwell, Mary Napier, Evylyn Lyon, Florence Ware.

Scenery for this act designed and executed by Elizabeth Gibson.

Costumes by Louise Van Voorhis Armstrong.

EPILOGUE

Scene—The Home of The Girl

Characters

THE GIRL.....Dorothy Hope Smith
THE MAN..... Alice Paine
ZAHIR-U-DIN.....Mildred Chamberlain

FOREWORD

(Spoken before the curtain by Zahir-u-Din)

Give us your dreams for an hour; we only strive
To give brief hints, to make this story seem
A far, dim, fragrant memory, once alive,
Whose broken threads now mingle in a dream.

Judge not by our performance, but our aim,
Whether our little play is worth your while:
And if you find our girl-like heroes tame,
Give them at least, we pray, a kindly smile.

But if our words, the little that we do
Can give your fancies some new, pleasing trend,
Can make old dreams, once lovely, live anew,
It is enough. We have achieved our end.

PROLOGUE

Characters

THE GIRL.
THE MAN.
THE SIREN.
ZAHIR-U-DIN, an East Indian servant.
THE DJINNEE.
THE GUESTS.

SCENE: *The curtain rises on a sitting room. Fireplace left, large table right. In the room beyond several couples in evening dress are seen dancing. Zahir-u-Din enters from left, with a punch bowl, which he places on the table and makes ready to serve. Enter from center back all the dancers except The Girl and The Man, The Siren among them. They gather around the punch table, chattering happily. Zahir-u-Din serves them.*

1st Man: I say, you know, this stuff is just going to save my life.

1st Girl: You're such a fervent dancer, it's no wonder you're all worn out.

1st Man: But see who I've been dancing with! She fairly runs away with me.

The Siren: Now I'll never dance with you again.

2nd Man *(to Siren):* You'll dance with me, won't you?

1st Man *(to 2nd Girl):* I say, my next one is with you, isn't it?

2nd Girl: Yes, ours is the next! I promise not to run away with you.

2nd Man *(to 2nd Girl):* Maybe he wishes you would!

1st Man: Yes, yes, of course! I was going to say so in just a minute. I always have wished you'd run away from me! *(Much laughter by all and confusion by him.)* Oh, I say, you know, that wasn't what I meant at all. Just a slip of the tongue!

The Siren: A slip of the tongue already! I'm shocked!

1st Girl: Oh, now don't tease the poor boy any more!

3rd Man: *(to 1st Girl):* Our's is the next! I've been looking forward to it for a long time!

1st Girl: You're right! Our's is the next. I know what I wish they'd play. *(She hums something softly.)*
(The music starts and all exit except The Siren and the 2nd Man.)

2nd Man: May I have the pleasure of the next?

The Siren *(looking around as if watching for someone):* I think I have this one. *(At this moment The Girl and The Man enter. The Man is very attentive. The Siren watches them covertly.)*

The Man: If you're tired, suppose we sit this one out.

The Girl: Oh, I'm not tired. I'm just warm. Let's have some punch. *(Zahir-u-Din serves punch to them.)*

The Siren *(to 2nd Man):* I—perhaps I was mistaken. I don't believe I have this dance after all.

2nd Man: Good! Let's not waste a minute!
(They exit. Zahir-u-Din closes the curtains and exits. The Girl, having finished her punch, hands the glass to The Man. In doing so their eyes meet. Electric moment. The Girl draws away confused.)

The Girl *(in a desperate attempt at conversation):* It's—it's really quite cold tonight, isn't it? Oh, I don't mean the punch. I mean—I just mean that it's—well—just cold.

The Man: *(looking at her still, intently, almost yearningly):* Quite cold. Is it always going to be cold for me?

The Girl: Try the fire. That's what it's for.

The Man: I don't think the fire will do any good.

The Girl: Why—why how queerly you talk! Are you ill? Oh, I'm sorry if you are!

The Man: Really, truly sorry?

The Girl: Yes, truly! *(Another electric moment.)* I—I am always sorry for people who are sick.

The Man: Sorry for—just everybody?

The Girl: Well, nearly everybody.

The Man: How sorry?

The Girl: Why, as sorry as—as a person ought to be. Perhaps I'd better call someone if you feel very ill.

The Man: Don't you know you're the only person in the world who can do any good?

The Girl: Just I! Oh, you can't mean that! Come, sit down by the fire. You'll feel better soon I'm sure.

The Man: Mine is an illness only you can cure.

The Girl: But I don't understand. Don't talk like this.

The Man: I'll make you understand. Give me a kiss.

The Girl: How could that help? Oh, no! Not yet!

The Man: One kiss—and all my sorrow I'll forget!

The Girl: But after that, what then?

The Man: Then you will know
What all my being says—I love you so!
I love you so!

The Girl: How strange! Your voice! Your word!
Deep in my memory these things I have heard
It seems! But no, it can't be true!

The Man: Sweetheart,
You hear the song I've sung for you
Through all the ages. In the world's sweet youth
Our hearts have been at one in very truth.
It's meant to be. Tell me you know—you see!

The Girl: Oh, let me go! A mist surrounds me quite!

The Man: Come with me, come, my love, into the light,
Into the joy of life.

The Girl: Tomorrow—perhaps tomorrow I will go!

The Man: Now! Now! You've been mine since the world began.

The Girl: How could that be? I've never loved a man,
Not any man at all.

The Man: But your heart says that isn't true. There must be an image in your heart—an image of the man of men. Your image is in my heart. It has been there for a million years.

The Girl: How can you know
What happened such a long, long time ago?

The Man: It's not hard. For years and years I've been going all about the world trying to find the girl who matched the picture. I've seen—oh, ever so many girls—

The Girl: Very many?

The Man: Hundreds, but none of them matched the picture, so I saw that they wouldn't do. But, isn't there a picture in your heart?

The Girl: I don't think so. I've never found it.

The Man: I'm afraid you don't houseclean your heart often enough. Sometime you'll find it. Oh, find it soon! Please find it soon!

The Girl: I'll try. Soon—very soon! Oh, don't look so sad! You see, I've never gone around hunting for pictures like that before.

The Man: I wonder if I'll match the picture when you do find it. Do you think you will remember how I look while you are searching for it? *(They look searchingly into each other's eyes. She is almost in his arms when the others enter. The 3rd Man rushes up to The Girl.)*

3rd Man: Our's is the next. I've been looking forward to it for a long time.

The Girl: Yes, our's is the next. *(She looks longingly at The Man.)*

The Siren: *(to The Man):* You are not dancing much tonight.

The Man *(rather shortly):* No, not much!

1st Girl *(to The Girl):* My dear, this is such a wonderful party. We're having such a good time.

The Girl: I'm so glad. I'm having a good time, too. *(She again glances at The Man.)*

2nd Man *(to 3rd Girl):* I'm going to be selfish. I want the next dance and the third from this one.

3rd Girl: We'll be talked about.

2nd Man: But think how dreadfully stupid it would be not to be talked about.

1st Man: Oh, I say, who's being talked about?

3rd Girl: We're afraid we will be if we dance together so much.

1st Man: But what difference would that make? You've always been talked about—favorably, I mean—favorably.

2nd Man: Come, there's the music.
(All exit except The Man and The Siren. The Man gloomily strolls to the fire and slumps into a chair. The Siren joins him.)

The Siren: This is a most inviting fire. I trust I'm not intruding?
(Silence. Suddenly The Man realizes that she has spoken to him.)

The Man: Eh? Oh, no, certainly not!

The Siren: You might be taken for a man in love just now—or, shall we say a child with a new plaything?

The Man *(starting up):* What do you mean?

The Siren: What is the use of heroics? Haven't I seen enough of your antics to—well, to recognize the symptoms.

The Man: This is something I will not discuss with you.

The Siren: There is little need of discussing it. Have you the same formula for all of them?

The Man: All of them! I wish that I had never seen any other. I wish I could have come to her like a simple shepherd boy of old, wandering into enchanted woods to the call of a dryad.

The Siren: But I doubt not that the shepherd boy found a large and thriving population of dryads in the enchanted wood.

The Man: Perhaps he found one siren, who robbed him of his dreams and left him wandering alone and desolate until the dryad whispered a secret to him, the secret of happiness.

The Siren: Is it my fault that you were born a fool?

The Man: No! Neither is it your fault that I did not continue to be one.

The Siren: Is that a boast? Remember, "Pride goes before a fall."

The Man: Oh, why keep on talking like that? I've learned my lesson.

The Siren: Do you think a brainless child can satisfy you now?

The Man: I can see that you are determined to make me say things I will be sorry for. You can't rekindle the love you threw away, therefore you try to arouse my temper instead. Undoubtedly you will succeed. I will give you the victory by default, by leaving the field of battle.
(He rises to leave. The Siren hastily glances through the curtains into the ball-room, then comes to him and puts her hands on his shoulders, looking up at him mockingly.)

The Siren: So you're afraid of me, poor, little weakling?

The Man *(snatching her wrists and holding her away from him):* The cat's claws have lost their grip upon me, I tell you. Also the wounds they made are healed. You no longer have the power to do me harm.
(Just then the music stops. The Girl's voice is heard. "That was a lovely dance!" Just as she parts the curtain, The Siren gasps out "Oh, let me go! Let me go!" With a quick action she makes it appear that she has just broken away from his embraces. She staggers across the room, staring at him as if terrified. TABLEAU—*The dancers just entering, The Girl looking horror stricken from one to the other, The Man filled with rage. The other girls all gather quickly around The Siren.)*

All: Oh, what is it?
What did he do?
Oh, you poor child.
Tell us what has happened!
What does this mean?
Did he dare?
Oh, tell us what's the matter!

The Siren: Let him tell you!
(All look at The Man. The Man looks beseechingly at The Girl. She turns away weeping.)

The Man: I refuse to say anything. I will explain only to our hostess.

The Siren: He will not dare to tell the truth.

The Girl: Go, please, everyone! You cannot know how this has grieved me! *(Exit all except The Man and The Girl.)*

The Man: Let me explain.

The Girl: To explain is quite impossible. Please go!

The Man: Give me a chance. Please don't say no!

The Girl: Perhaps to her those very things you said
You told to me so short a while ago!
Give me a kiss! Give me a kiss! you said.
Deep in your eyes the secret of all love I read,
Or so I thought!

The Man: Sweetheart, you read aright!
Now your words plunge me into blackest night.
She played a trick upon me. This is true.
My love, my very soul belong to you!
Say you believe me!

The Girl: No, that I can't believe.

The Man: Oh, that the day should come I made you grieve!
Let the past go. Only the future see.
No hurt can you remember long with me,
Safe in my arms.

The Girl: Your arms held her the moment I was gone!

The Man: That is not true. My love, you do me wrong.

The Girl: I tell you, you must go!

The Man: You can't mean this. Don't let one moment make our whole lives sad.

The Girl: You must leave me.

The Man *(catching her in his arms):* No! No! Let my kisses tell you that I speak the truth!

The Girl: It is your fault. No other man I love. You were untrue.

The Man: By all the heavens above
I love no one but you. I love you so.
I beg your mercy, dear.

The Girl: I tell you, go!

(Exit The Man. The Girl collapses weeping into a chair by the fire. After a brief moment, Zahir-u-Din enters. She stops weeping, but sits gazing into the fire, the picture of woe. Zahir-u-Din, after a few furtive glances at her, seems to understand the situation.)

Zahir-u-Din: The Memsahib is sad. Pardon the dust under thy feet for noticing.

The Girl: Yes, I am sad.

Zahir-u-Din: I fear the Heavenborn is in the clutches of the great illness, which all suffer from, yet seek, even as precious gems are sought for, aye, and fought for.

The Girl: I wish this night had never been, and yet, something has wakened in me, wakened only to die.

Zahir-u-Din: Love cannot die, oh dispenser of delight! It comes into the world with us when we are born in the morning of creation, and remains with us through all our lives unto the end of time.

The Girl: Do you believe that, Zahir-u-Din?

Zahir-u-Din: Would thy servant dare lie unto the flower of flowers, the little moon, whose light puts out the sun?

The Girl *(half to herself):* When he spoke to me—it seemed as if his voice had been in my heart forever. Oh—and it will be forever.

Zahir-u-Din *(quietly, as if answering her thoughts rather than her words):* The voice of thy true love has been in thy heart forever.

The Girl: I seem to see him as in a twilight long ago.

Zahir-u-Din *(speaking almost monotonously):* You did see him in the twilight long ago.

The Girl: How can I part from him? He must be mine. It seems as if he has been mine.

Zahir-u-Din: He has been and must be thine.

The Girl *(sinking back into the chair dreamily):* When was it? Where?

Zahir-u-Din: All thy lives lived in the past could tell thee. Thy love hath been ever by thy side through the long journey of thy Naiya-Janam, the weary process of thy reincarnation. *(He squats just where the curtains meet, at the back of the room, and, taking a little flute from his clothes, begins piping upon it softly.)*

The Girl *(dreamily):* What shall I do, where find my happiness?
Oh, if the future I could only guess!
Dim voices of the past, tell me I pray,
Into what path my weary heart must stray!

(The piping turns into a crash. Darkness and long roll of thunder. Spotlight. Zahir-u-Din has disappeared, and in his place stands a radiant creature, the Djinnee. The Girl starts up, fascinated by him.)

The Girl: Strange creature, who are you? Why are you here?

The Djinnee: Thy summons reached me in the far dim vastness!
The winds brought me! A song guided me hither
To do thy will!

The Girl: My summons brought you? Are you the voice of all the yesterdays, the spirit of the mystic sometime I feel but cannot see?

The Djinnee: A spirit sprung from out the white-hot fire
Am I. Centuries I have roamed the whirling space
Between the planets, my flame blood racing
through my veins.

All the tales I know of all the loves of all the many earths,
And thine among them! Wouldst thou see thy little lives,
Repeating each the other like the links
Of a great chain?

The Girl: Spirit, I fear to look upon those lives. What shall I see?

The Djinnee: Thine own predestined lover calling thee throughout the ages;
Thine own heart ever answering the call.

The Girl: And our great happiness, oh Spirit?

The Djinnee: Thy grief as well. For when they destiny was in thy hands
Always a lingering evil creeping into thy path
Cast shadows over the brightness of thy joy. Such beings
Hurled to earth by shooting stars, flung by any angry God,
Wander forever through life's dismal wastes,
Lurking in darkness, feasting upon lies.

The Girl: Your words take all my courage from me!
Are these evils ever by my side?
How can I hope for happiness?

The Djinnee: Listen unto the voices in thy heart. Believe them!

The Girl: No voice but his is in my heart. I hear only his pleadings, yet I am lost in a dark sea of doubt!

The Djinnee: Come with me! I'll lead thee through the land of yesterdays!
Thou shalt see thy other lives and know
Whither to seek thy happiness.

The Girl: I'll go!
With you into the shadow land where first I knew
The love that's meant to be, the love that's true!

The Djinnee: My mystic veil shall cover thee! My hand
Lead thee into the past's forgotten land.
(He throws the veil over her, and takes her hand. She follows him wonderingly as the curtain falls.)

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl through the curtains and they pause a moment in in the center of the stage.)

The Djinnee: Far have we wandered. Now before our gaze
Fair Chivalry arises like the rays
Of sunset in the twilight of the past!
Wouldst see brave knights, wouldst hear the trumpet blast
Of tournament and battle? In this age
Did the true soldiers of the Cross engage
In holy wars. Raise thy veil! Thou shalt see
The little self that in those years was thee!

(He leads her to the right of the stage. She sits down and he stands behind her as the curtain rises on the Mediaeval Scene.)

ACT I.
A FOOL FOR A DAY

Characters

THE LADY YOLANDE.
ARNULF DE VERMANDOIS.
SIEUR DE CHATEAU BEAULIEU, father of Yolande.
FLORIMOND DE CHASTELLET, a young courtier.
ODO, a jester.
A PALMER.
A SERF.
FOLLOWERS OF THE CROSS, MUSICIANS AND TIREWOMEN.

SCENE: *The hall of a Norman castle. To the left is a slightly raised platform on which stand two high-backed chairs, not exactly a throne, but a seat of honor. On the floor of this platform sits Arnulf. He has on a jester's head-dress and ruff, and holds a bauble in his hand, but he is shrouded in a big cloak, which quite covers him. He is watching the Lady Yolande. who is dancing a gavotte with Florimond. The Sieur sits in one of the high-backed chairs, also watching. To the right of the stage stands Odo, the jester, in full jester's costume. Beside him are two musicians, playing for the dancers. As the dance stops, Florimond stoops and kisses the lady's hand.*

Florimond *(lisping):* In thooth ath thprightly a meathure ath ever tripped knight and lady!

Yolande *(turning to one of the musicians):* 'Twas a merry tune, and well played! Thou hast magic in thy bow.

Odo: 'Twas the grace of thy dancing bewitched him, my lady!

Sieur: What ho! A fool making pretty speeches?

Odo: Better a fool making pretty speeches, my lord, than pretty speeches making a fool!

Florimond: Well thaid, thir fool, well thaid!

Sieur: Well said, indeed! Play yet another tune! I would have mirth within these halls, for verily, my ears are tired of the continual prating and preaching, and the everlasting "On to Jerusalem!"

Florimond: Ay, the cruthades! Truly a fool'th buthineth to my thinking!

Arnulf *(rising and glaring at Florimond):* Dost thou think? 'Tis beyond belief. *(There is a sudden silence, then the Sieur bursts into uproarious laughter.)*

Sieur: By my hilt, he had thee there, Sir Florimond! Who art thou? Why hast thou not spoken before? Thy wit likes me well!

Arnulf: I am but a strolling clown, my lord.

Sieur: How camest thou here?

Yolande: My lord, 'twas at my command that he was admitted! Lo, as I returned with my hawks after this morning's hunt, I found him shivering and half starved by the highroad. I bade him follow me. I trust that my father is not displeased. The priests say that we do acquire grace through acts of charity.

Sieur: Speak to me not of priests! The whole country's turned priest! The whole land is mad, crazed with this new fad, the crusades! But

thou didst well to bring the fool home with thee! What wast thou said, sir fool?

Arnulf: Unlike good wine, a jest retold,
Gains not in flavor when 'tis old!

Sieur: Right again! Thou hast a ready tongue!

Florimond *(suddenly brightening):* He had thee there, my lord, I think!

Sieur: *Think! (He bursts into laughter again.)* Now I remember! What canst thou do besides talk, sir visiting fool? An thou art as clever as doth appear from thy beginning I shall never have thee parted from me.

Odo *(rushing forward in great alarm):* Have I not served thee well, my lord? Forget not the japes I have japed for thee these many years!

Sieur: Oh, thou fearest for thine exalted position, dost thou? I but thought thee'd like a brother in folly! Two fools within one household is not too many in these woebegone days! *(To Arnulf):* How thinkest thou? Are two too many?

Arnulf: Methinks two would be but a moderate supply, my lord! Perchance more might be found! *(He glances at Florimond.)*

Sieur *(laughing again):* Truly thy tongue is as sharp as is the point of my lance. The more fools the better, say I, in these mad times! Marry, I had rather the whole country turned fool than priest!

Yolande *(hastily crossing herself):* My father, thou speakest sacrilege!

Sieur: Eh? Thou dost enough praying for us twain! Come, sir nimble tongue, a roundelay! Let it be a lilting ditty to drive whining churchmen from my brain. Mind! I'll have no chants!

Florimond: Aye, thing uth thome ballad of knightly deedth!

Arnulf *(turning to Yolande):* What would my lady have me sing?

Yolande: What thou wilt; whatever is in thy mind.

Arnulf *(singing):*

This glad today my love was born;
My heart is filled with early morn!
Today I learned love's secret lore,
My eyes see her whom I adore—
Her whom sweet graces do adorn.

Though she may laugh my love to scorn,
May cast me out—alone, forlorn,
Ever shall memory restore
This glad today!

They say that each rose hath its thorn;
Tell me, will my heart soon be torn?
Must I leave thee forevermore?
Throw wide, my love, thy dear heart's door,
Say that thy true love ne'er shall mourn
This glad today!

(There can be no doubt that Arnulf is singing his song to the Lady Yolande. She seems to understand, and not to be altogether displeased.)

Arnulf *(to Yolande):* How likest thou the rondel, my lady?

Yolande *(haughtily):* Methought 'twas well enough rhymed, though I heard not all of it.

Sieur: 'Twas not to my liking! Love's ever dismal. Sing to us of war, sir fool. I do yearn for cheerful subjects to banish these days of gloom!

Odo: Let me tell thee of wars, my lord! Many a tale—
(They are interrupted by the hasty entrance of a serf.)

Serf: My lord, there may be seen coming in this direction a great company of persons, whether they be knights or no, we cannot yet see. Bertrand of the Guards hath bid me bring thee word!

Sieur: Perchance it be those crusaders! Come, Sir Florimond, let us look from the window of the tower!

Florimond: Yea, perchanth it be the cruthaders! Leth away!
(All exit except Arnulf. Just as Yolande goes, she drops a rose which she has been wearing. Arnulf picks it up and kisses it. He is sitting on the edge of the raised platform, looking very sentimental and sad, when Odo returns. Arnulf does not see Odo at first, but Odo soon breaks in rudely upon his dreams.)

Odo: How now, thou bundle of melancholy! What are thou mooning over? *(Arnulf does not hear him at first, and Odo taps him on the shoulder.)*

Odo: Thou wast spoken too, Sir Glum Despondency.

Arnulf: Who spoke? Oh, only thou!

Odo: Only thou? This from an intruder who worms his way into my lord's castle, and then would usurp my place!

Arnulf: I want not thy place.

Odo: So? Then why art thou here?

Arnulf: I would look upon paradise!

Odo *(looking at him shrewdly and seeing the rose for the first time):* Oho! So thou dost cast sheep's eyes at the Lady Yolande!

Arnulf *(jumping to his feet):* Have a care! One word of disrespect, and thou shalt be split to thy miserable weazand!

Odo: I spoke no disrespect! I spoke no disrespect! But thy words, sir fool, fit not thy station. Thou dost speak as speaks a lord, not a servant!

Arnulf: 'Tis idling time to speak with the like of thee at all.

Odo: Then will I leave thee to thy sentimental dreaming! Yet one thing I tell thee—thou shalt not have my place!

Arnulf: And I tell thee I'd not have thy place for a dukedom! Within a few days at most I must be upon my way! Yet—yet, tell me—can it be possible that the Lady Yolande sees aught in that simpering jackanapes, Florimond?

Odo: Belike she sees more in him than in a painted clown! *(He strikes an attitude and mimics Arnulf's song):*

This glad today I do forecast
Thou'lt wish in sooth could be thy last!
Do cap and bells and painted face
And jesting tongue win love's embrace?
The age of miracles is past
This glad today!

Arnulf: The eyes of true love should be able to penetrate through any mask.

Odo: Mask? Mask, sayest thou? Now are my suspicions confirmed. Thou'rt no wandering clown. Thy cap and bells are but a disguise! Who art thou?

Arnulf: Thou hast guessed aright, sir fool! Now do I command thee that thou shalt keep my secret. I am of noble birth and did but don these

clothes for a jest, that I might wander about among the people and amuse myself as one of them. Last night I was returning to my brother's castle, when into the highroad sprang three cut-throats. I kept them at bay for a while, until one slipped behind me, and smote me a shrewd buffet on the head. This morning I awoke, to find myself sprawling in the bushes, with a broken pate and no purse. I had just picked myself up when the Lady Yolande passed, with her hunting party. Instantly she saw that I was in sore need, and commanded her henchmen to bring me to the castle. Ah, surely there did never live another so fair and kind as is the Lady Yolande!

Odo: Yea, she hath a kind heart. She doth bind up the wounded foot of her hound with fine, soft linen, and she doth weep over the broken wing of her hawk; yet, she is the daughter of the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu, and that she ne'er forgets. If thou would'st woo her, sir—whoever thou art—I do advise thee to doff thy cap and bells, and appear before her in all the splendor of thy wealth and position, for such things will greatly strengthen thy arguments!

Arnulf: That I'll not do! I tell thee her eyes did dwell upon me with pity—nay—and with a something more than pity! An I am not man enough to make my way into her heart with my pleading, methinks my little worldly wealth would avail me naught.

Odo: 'Tis not wealth, but pride! The Lady Yolande would not stoop to love one beneath her position any more than she would forsake the church.

Arnulf: Nay, but love should seek nobility of character, not the empty honor of titles.

Odo: Mayhap thou'rt right. There be many "shoulds" in this world, that turn not into "woulds." But I tell thee, thou'lt never win her in thy jester's garb. Hist! 'Tis the lady herself returning! I'll leave thee, and good luck to thee, sir lover. I would wish thee well, now that I see thou dost not seek for my place with my lord!

(The Lady Yolande enters, left, just as Odo exits, right. She is a bit startled at finding herself alone with Arnulf.)

Yolande: Hast thou found a rose hereabouts, sir jester? I did but just now lose that which was in my hair!

Arnulf: Yes, my lady, I have found thy rose.

Yolande: Then give it me! *(Arnulf makes no move to do so. There is a long pause. They look into each other's eyes, and the lady hastily looks away. Arnulf draws nearer to her.)*

Arnulf: My lady, this morning as I lay by the roadside, and thine eyes did gaze down upon me my heart leapt within my breast, and it seemed that I lived for the first time! Such kindness as thine is of heaven, my lady! Never will I forget this day. Therefore do I beseech thee that thou wilt permit me to keep this little fragrant memory of thy loveliness. I will cherish it even as a sacred relic!

Yolande: Thou art bold, sir fool! Thou dost ask a favor of Yolande de Chateau Beaulieu such as few knights have received!

Arnulf: Is the favor granted, dear lady?

Yolande: Does it mean so much to thee?

Arnulf: More than all else in the world, my lady! All the manhood within me doth cry out with joy at the knowledge that in thy heart there was for one moment some little thought of me, some sorrow at my distress!

Ah, how I do now bless the hand that smote me last night, for it was that blow which led thee to my side!

Yolande: Thou dost lay too much importance upon the deed. Could I leave even the lowest serf to die by the highroad?

Arnulf: Nay, my lady, take not my great joy from me! When thine eyes did rest upon mine, I did read, dear lady—dare I say it—I did think perchance I read a something more than the look which thou wouldst have bestowed upon a serf; even thou, whose heart hath the gentleness of the holy angels! Let me at least believe that thy pity was for me alone—not just for a wounded creature!

Yolande: Why should my pity have been for thee alone?

Arnulf: Thy pardon, my lady, but thy loveliness did so completely fill my heart, it seemed impossible that I could feel so strongly and not kindle in thee some little answering spark to the—to the love that overpowered me! Now I have said it! Forgive me if I have presumed too far!

Yolande: Thou hast presumed far indeed to dream that I would have one thought of a fool in cap and bells! Art thou mad, sir jester?

Arnulf: Is it impossible to believe that under a patchwork garment a true heart throbs?

Yolande: Oh, thou art annoying me! I bid thee be silent!

Arnulf *(suddenly springing towards her):* Thou dost bid me be silent when every pulse within me is crying out my love for thee, for thee, the one woman in all this world, the one for whom my soul has sought in vain. I have found thee! I have found thee! My heart says "She is there!" Look into my eyes, beloved, not at my jester's trappings! Look into my eyes, and the love in them will tell thee that nothing matters save only our love! Give me thy hand and together we will seek the mountain top of all the world.

(Yolande is completely taken off her guard by this outburst. She looks at him, half frightened, half yielding. He looks steadily at her, hardly knowing what to believe. Suddenly she remembers. Her expression changes into one of cold pride again.)

Yolande: Sir fool, I would have my rose!

(Arnulf takes it from his jacket and hands it to her. She throws it on the floor. At this point voices are heard off stage. "We would see the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu!" Enter the Sieur, followed by Florimond, Odo, and the Serf. He sits down in one of the high-backed chairs. From outside: "We would enlist the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu in the war of God!"

Serf: Shall I admit them now, my lord?

Sieur: Aye, admit the rabble!

Yolande: My father, what is it? *(She goes and sits beside him.)*

Sieur: It is the crusaders, the half-crazed mob starting on their fool's venture.

Florimond: Ay, the cruthaders on theiy way to Jeruthalem, the holy thity! *(The crusaders enter. There are among them peasants, palmers, men, women and children of all stations, wearing a cross on their left shoulder. A palmer is spokesman for them.)*

Palmer: Long life to the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu!

All: Long life to the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu!

Sieur: For what reason must the lord of Chateau Beaulieu be intruded upon by the like of these cattle?

All: We would have a captain to lead us to Jerusalem! We would have a leader!

Palmer: My lord, these be men and women who go to do God's work in the holy land, to deliver the tomb of Christ from the infidel! They be true and worthy in the sight of God, yet do they greatly need one who is versed in the work of war to take command of them, to direct them, both on their long journey to Jerusalem, and when they are face to face with the Saracen. Thou art a knight of prowess! Men do respect thee, and all know thee to have performed full many a noble deed in the wars of our king. Therefore do these servants of the Lord beseech thee to accompany them. It is the will of God!

Sieur: Dost take the Sieur de Chateau Beaulieu for such a fool as thyself? Verily, thy crusade is reducing the land to ruin! The fields lie untilled. The men go far away, leaving the country unprotected and open to the assaults of barbarians!

Palmer: Thy opposition is now but a voice crying in the wilderness, my lord! Dost know that Count Raymond of Toulouse, the most powerful prince of Southern France, hath pledged himself to go forth with a great host?

Sieur: Yea, and dost know that at Chartre a company started out, led by a mad woman, and yet another followed in the tracks of a goat? I tell thee the country is mad!
(Grumbles of anger among the crusaders.)

Palmer: Hast thou heard the words of Peter the Hermit, the holy man, who hath been in our midst, who hath seen with his own eyes the destruction which the heathen have wrought in the land where Christ lived and was crucified?

All: Ay! Thou hast not heard the words of the beloved of God! Thou hast not heard the words of Peter the Hermit!

Sieur: I'll not heed the words of a fanatic!

Yolande: My father, wouldst thou insult a holy man?

Palmer: Thus ran the words of Peter the Hermit: "Put all the love of earthly possessions behind thee. Let thy ceaseless war at home come to an end. Start upon the way to the Holy Sepulchre! Wrench the land from the accursed race! Christ Himself shall be thy leader, and great will be thy everlasting reward!"

Sieur: I shall not go upon thy mad venture with thee.

All *(kneeling):* A leader! A leader! We would have a leader!
(Suddenly Arnulf steps in front of them. He whisks off his jester's headdress and ruff, throws aside his cloak, and tosses his bauble to the floor. He stands revealed as a young knight.)

Arnulf: Then gladly will Arnulf de Vermandois, brother of Count Hugh, be thy leader!

All: Our leader! Our leader! The blessing of God upon our leader!

Yolande: Thou? Arnulf de Vermandois?
(She starts towards him appealingly as if asking his forgiveness. He looks long at her and then decides.)

Arnulf: Pride rules thy heart.
Thou didst see but my dress.
Now when we part,
I cannot love thee less!

Thou hast said no;
I must endure thy loss.
Farewell, my love; I go
They way of the sword, the Cross!
(He raises his sword like the Cross and exits, followed by the crusaders. Everyone follows them except the Lady Yolande.)

All: It is the will of God! It is the will of God! On to Jerusalem!
(The Lady Yolande looks after them sadly, then sees the jester's bauble, which Arnulf has thrown on the floor. She picks it up and kisses it as the curtain goes down. The hymn of the crusades is heard off stage.)

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl back to the center of the stage.)

The Djinnee: Now thou hast seen thy love go forth from thee
To battle for the Cross in that far land,
Leaving in thy heart bitter memory.
Only too late didst thou then understand.
What evil spirit was there by thy side?

The Girl: Spirit, I listened to the voice of Pride!

(As they go through the curtains, the evil spirit of Pride stalks across the stage and follows them.)

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl through the curtains, and they pause a moment in the center of the stage.)

The Djinnee: Into the farther dimness have we gone,
Where dark, majestic Pharaoh's haughty smile
Made Egypt blossom in the crimson dawn
More lovely than the lotus of the Nile.
And thou didst know the secret thoughts that hid
Deep in the heart of Pharaoh. Thou shalt see
How in the shadow of the pyramid
His love did Egypt's lord reveal to thee!
His proud, imperious heart was all thine own,
And thou didst share with him his very throne!

(He leads her to the right of the stage, and the curtain rises on the Egyptian scene.)

ACT II.
THE GIFT FROM PHOENICIA

Characters

TARURU, the favorite of Pharaoh.
PHARAOH SESOKHRIS, ruler of Egypt.
HERKHUF, his Councillor.
BAURDEED, Commander of the Elders.
ZAZAMANKH, a Soothsayer.
THE AMBASSADOR FROM PHOENICIA.
THE GIFT.
Slaves, Priests and Priestesses, Attendants, Guards, Etc.

SCENE: *The council room of Pharaoh's palace at Memphis. An elaborate divan over which is hung a canopy stands to the right. The center of the stage has a broad arch looking out upon a terrace. A statue of the god Ra is seen silhouetted against the orange-colored sky. The council room is dark except for a brazier to the left, near which two men, Herkhuf and Baurdeed are standing. Music is heard off stage, and a procession of worshippers is seen passing along the terrace, chanting a song of praise to the god Ra. The worshippers raise their arms in salutation to the god as they pass the statue.*

The song of the worshippers:

Divine disposer of man's destiny,
Ra, god of light;
Ra, god of gods;
Thine altars shall stand until eternity,
Ra, god of light;
Lend us thy might!
Kings shall bow down unto thy majesty,
God, sun-disc crowned,
Ra, god of gods;
Ruled by thy sons shall all Egypt be!
Ra, god of gods;
Thy praises sound!

(This is repeated in a monotonous chant, finally dying away in the distance, when the entire procession has passed. Baurdeed draws the curtains across the arch. The stage becomes lighter. The two men draw near each other. Herkhuf is in the prime of life, a subtile, capable man of the world. Baurdeed is an old man, saddened by the weight of his years.)

Baurdeed: It was the worshippers of the sun-god! Daily do they become more powerful within the realm of Pharaoh.

Herkhuf: Yea, their numbers increase, and their priesthood are become strong, strong—and I fear ambitious.

Baurdeed: What says the King to this?

Herkhuf: The eyes of Pharaoh are blinded by a light powerful even as that of the sun-god—in the dazzling radiance of his love he sees naught but the face of the Lady Taruru. His ears hear naught but her words. Yea, though all Egypt call out to him, he hears not.

Baurdeed: Today has come the Ambassador from Phoenicia, bearing unto our lord a gift—a princess of matchless beauty, the daughter of Abdosir,

Prince of Tyre. May it be the will of Osiris that she shall fascinate the Lord of all Egypt.

Herkhuf: It is hopeless. He sees naught but the face of the Lady Taruru. She holdeth the heart of Pharaoh within the hollow of her hand.

Baurdeed: Thrice hath the Prince of Tyre sent maidens of manifold charms unto our master, and even thrice hath Pharaoh refused to look upon them.

Herkhuf: Aye, and thrice have the altars of Astarte been bathed in the blood of these maidens.

Baurdeed: I tell thee, oh Herkhuf, it is not wise thus to anger a nation with whom Egypt hath a commerce so profitable. Fine cloth of their weaving doth encircle the limbs of Pharaoh. From their crystal goblets doth he drink his wine. They are a powerful and a wise people—these Phoenicians.

Herkhuf: Yea, even of these things have I spoken, oh Baurdeed; yet do I tell thee that the Lord of all Egypt, the descendant of Osiris, sees naught but the face of the Lady Taruru, hears naught but the music of her voice. In the harem is wailing and desolation, for none have found favor in the sight of the King save only the Lady Taruru.
(They shake their heads. A Nubian slave enters and prostrates himself before Herkhuf.)

Herkhuf: Speak, slave!

Slave: My lord, at the gates of the palace is one with gaunt countenance and burning eyes, a soothsayer, whom men call Zazamankh. His words do shake the foundations of the pyramids, and drown all Egypt in a sea of darkness! He would have audience with Pharaoh. What is thy command, oh councillor of the King of Kings?
(Trumpets are heard off stage.)

Herkhuf: It is the hour for the attendance of Pharaoh in the council chamber. Do thou bring hither the soothsayer.
(Exit slave.)

Baurdeed: Perchance the soothsayer's prophecies may awaken our lord from his dream of love!

Herkhuf *(shaking his head doubtfully):* The descendant of the gods is young, very young! He will be loath to awaken from dreams of the Lady Taruru.
(More trumpeting and music is heard, and voices crying "Make way for Pharaoh Sesokhris, King of Kings, Descendant of Osiris!" Pharaoh's procession enters. Among the attendants are guards, courtiers, court beauties, slaves, etc. Pharaoh comes at the end of the procession, followed by two guards. The attendants group themselves around the diwan and Pharaoh ascends and seats himself amid the cushions. He is about twenty years old, a man in his build and his manner, but with a touch of the boy still to be seen in his face, in spite of the passionate glow of his eyes and the firm set of his jaw. Herkhuf comes forward and kneels.)

Pharaoh: Speak, my councillor! The ears of Pharaoh await thy words!

Herkhuf: Oh, King of Kings, Lord of the Two Worlds, live forever, that the brilliance of thy countenance may lighten the burdens of all Egypt! Thy humble servant would speak to thee of a matter which shall come to thy notice this day. Thy servant would advise thee, would place the wisdom of his years at the disposal of thy young mind. There comes today an Ambassador from the Phoenicians. He brings as a gift to Pharaoh the fairest daughter of a great prince. Thrice have the gifts from this land been despised by thee, oh my King. This time, I

do pray thee in the name of Egypt, anger not by thine indifference those with whom thy merchants would carry on successful commerce. Accept the gift, oh Protector of Egypt!

Pharaoh: And has Pharaoh become the slave of Egypt? I have told thee that I will have none other for my consort than the Lady Taruru. She shall be the divine one—the royal wife of Pharaoh! None other shall the eyes of Pharaoh behold!

Herkhuf: Oh, thou living light of all Egypt, the Lady Taruru is beautiful even as the Nile goddess, yet is she from the people. I do entreat thee to despise not the Princess of the Phoenicians.
(The curtains at the back of the room are suddenly parted, and the Lady Taruru stands there, accompanied by her slave girls. Pharaoh starts up from the diwan, and stands upon the steps of it. He extends his arms to her.)

Pharaoh: Oh, thou beloved of Pharaoh, draw near that I may look into thine eyes.

Taruru: Oh, thou chosen one of the sun, by the love that thou bearest me, I do demand of thee the life of Herkhuf, thy Councillor!

Pharaoh: Nay, these words come not from the golden heart of my lotus flower. Herkhuf hath ever been my friend and kindly adviser.

Taruru: He would snatch me frome thine arms!

Pharaoh: Nay, that he shall never do! Come hither, thou moon of my delight! Thou shalt sit by the side of Pharaoh, his queen!
(She ascends to him, giving Herkhuf a look of hatred. She reclines on the cushions, Pharaoh beside her, now utterly oblivious to everything else about him.)

Taruru *(looking fixedly into the eyes of Pharaoh):* I would have the life of Herkhuf, for he would poison thy mind with his words, even as he would delight to poison the cup of Taruru, an he dared. He would steal from us our happiness!

Herkhuf: My Lord, My King, I seek only to remind thee of Egypt! As thou art all in all to Egypt, so may Egypt be all in all to thee, that thy name may go down unto posterity as the ruler of rulers, such as the like has not been known since the beginning of all things.

Pharaoh: Must Egypt steal from Pharaoh the crown jewel of all his realm? Must Egypt take from Pharaoh the food for which he hungers, the wine for which he thirsts? Has Egypt not thrived under my hand? Are not her fields golden with grain? Are not her hills white with vast feeding flocks? Do not her cities rise towards the sun-god, seeking to rival his blinding light with their splendor? Have I not caused to be built a tomb such as will defy the centuries, such as will make the name of Pharaoh Sesokhris echo throughout the ages? Thou whinest of "Egypt!" "Egypt!" Am I not Egypt?

Herkhuf: Aye! Thou art Egypt! Thou art all that is majesty! Yet, Lord, would I bring to thine ears whispers which threaten Egypt, as she sleeps in the luxury of her greatness! Be not blind, my King, to restless ambition within thy kingdom, and ever watchful enemies without!

Taruru: Let the hand of death be placed over the mouth of thy prating councillor, oh Pharaoh!

Herkhuf: Pharaoh, who would stop thine ears to the call of Egypt, loves thee not!

Pharaoh: Silence, lest I be tempted to take thy miserable life!
(Herkhuf withdraws, just as the slave returns with the soothsayer.)

Baurdeed *(hastily coming forward):* Is it the will of Pharaoh that Zazamankh, the soothsayer, be admitted to the royal presence?

Pharaoh: Yea, admit the soothsayer. He shall make thee recant thy messages of gloom, oh Herkhuf! He shall tell the tale of Egypt's greatness and of her greatness to come!
(Enter Zazamankh. He prostrates himself before the diwan.)

Pharaoh: Speak, thou wise one!

Zazamankh: Now do the splendors of Egypt gleam like a dazzling jewel upon the breast of the desert. Yet in a brief space shall the sun-god hide his face, and darkness shall descend upon all the land. Then shall a priest of Ra, god of gods, god of the sun, god of light, bring forth from darkness three sons, who shall be the offsprings of Ra, the divine disposer of all things. And they shall reign over the land of the Nile. They shall glorify the god of light! They shall rear unto him temples of stone. On altars of alabaster shall he receive sacrifice, and his followers shall drive forth the enemies of Egypt, and restore all the land unto power.

Pharaoh: Thy words are false, thou lying prophet! No sons of priestlings shall usurp the throne of Pharaoh. I tell thee Egypt is at the summit of her power!

Zazamankh: Aye! Egypt is at the summit of her power, and there she lies motionless, drunk with contentment!

Pharaoh: Away with thee, thou vulture! Thou hast presumed to mock at Pharaoh, the descendant of Osiris!
(Zazamankh is dragged away by the guards. From outside drifts in the chant of the worshippers of Ra. Pharaoh covers his ears, and then turns and clasps the Lady Taruru to him.)

Pharaoh: Let Pharaoh forget all else save the amber light of thine eyes, save the soft coolness of thine arms!

Baurdeed *(dolefully):* The King of Kings heeds not the cry of Egypt!

Herkhuf *(prostrating himself before the diwan):* The Ambassador from Phoenicia doth crave admission to Pharaoh. Yet, though my words should mean my death, I do once more entreat thee, anger not Phoenicia by thine indifference, oh Majesty!

Pharaoh *(absently, and gazing into the eyes of Taruru):* Let him enter into the divine presence of Pharaoh of Egypt!
(Enter the Ambassador from Phoenicia. He is followed by two pages, and behind them come two slaves, carrying a rug, which is rolled around the gift.)

Ambassador *(kneeling):* Oh, Pharaoh, Lord of the Diadem of the Vulture and the Serpent, living light of the land of the Nile, thrice hath Abdosir, Prince of Tyre, sent offerings unto thee, and thrice have his offerings offended thy sight! Yet once again doth my master send a gift unto the descendant of Osiris, a treasure more precious than emeralds as green as the fields of the Nile, than amethysts more purple than the distant hills, than turquoise as blue as the skies of Egypt. May the eyes of Pharaoh look upon the gift with pleasure!

Pharaoh *(indifferently):* Display thy master's gift, oh Ambassador from Phoenicia!

Taruru *(drawing Pharaoh towards her):* Nay, my Lord, look not upon the gift from Phoenicia! Look upon thy slave!

Pharaoh: Say not that thou art the slave of Pharaoh, for Pharaoh is even thy slave!
(The music of the dance starts. The slaves unroll the rug, and the gift, a beautiful girl, arises. She first prostrates herself before the throne of Pharaoh, who does not look in her direction at all, and then dances. At the end of the dance, she again prostrates herself before the diwan. Herkhuf comes forward.)

Herkhuf: What is the pleasure of Pharaoh?

Pharaoh *(not looking at him):* Pharaoh would be alone!
(All form into a procession and leave. The dancing girl waits until all have gone except the two slaves who are waiting for her. She then rises and starts to follow them, but at the doorway, turns, and once more runs to the diwan, and sinks down in a forlorn heap.)

Taruru: What am I to Pharaoh?

Pharaoh: Without thee the heart of Pharaoh would be like unto Egypt without the Nile, a desert! I would feel thy warm lips on mine!
(They are in a close embrace, their lips almost touching, when the voice of the dancing girl breaks in upon them.)

Gift: Awah! Awah! Awah! The eyes of Pharaoh have not looked upon me with pleasure! Death awaits me upon the altar of Astarte! Awah! Awah! Awah!

Pharaoh *(looking up quickly):* Into the heart of Pharaoh strikes a cry of human suffering!

Taruru: What matters the whimpering of a slave to the King of Kings, whose ears have heeded not the call of Egypt, but only the pleadings of his love?

Pharaoh: Egypt is strong! This is the cry of some weak, tortured thing!

Gift: Awah! Awah! Awah! Death awaits me on the altar of Astarte!
(Pharaoh rises and looks down upon the prostrate form of the girl. Taruru tries to attract his attention back to herself.)

Taruru: Pharaoh has said that he could forget all else in the light of my eyes!
(Pharaoh pays no attention to her. He descends from the diwan, and the dancing girl crawls to his feet, abjectly continuing her wailing.)

Pharaoh: What mean thy words—that death awaits thee?

Gift: Pharaoh has scorned me. The King of Kings has no eyes for the gift from the Prince of Tyre. Therefore am I disgraced. Therefore shall I be sacrificed upon the altar of Astarte! Awah! Awah!

Pharaoh: Thy words do fill the heart of Pharaoh with pity. Lift up thine head!
(The girl lifts up her head and gazes pleadingly into Pharaoh's eyes. Taruru, who has been watching the scene with growing jealousy, now creeps towards them.)

Pharaoh *(to the gift):* Thou art like unto a frightened dove!
(He looks down at the girl pityingly. Taruru springs towards them. A knife flashes in her hand. She is about to bring it down into the back of the girl, when Pharaoh turns suddenly and grasps her hand, preventing the blow. Taruru looks terrified, then holds out her arms to Pharaoh. He turns away from her with a groan of horror and disgust. Realizing that she has killed his love for her, she turns the dagger towards her own heart. Just as the dagger descends, the curtains at the back of the room part, and Herkhuf stands there, with a slow, satisfied smile, watching the tragedy as the curtain goes down. Off stage is heard the chanting of the worshippers of Ra.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl back to the center of the stage.)

The Djinnee: Thy dagger took thy life and love as well,
Thine own deed hurled thy precious life away.
What voice within thy heart could so compel
Thy hand to evil? Whom didst thou obey?
What vile, distorted being prompted thee?

The Girl: 'Twas Jealousy that took my love from me!
Still farther would I go into the past!

The Djinnee: Then be thou not aghast
At what thou next shalt see!

(They exit, followed by the Evil Spirit of Jealousy.)

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee and The Girl come through the curtains. The house is in darkness with light flashing like lightning.)

The Girl: Spirit, I am afraid!
All the world's black!
Come to my aid!

The Djinnee: Would'st thou turn back?

The Girl: No, spirit, I shall dare
To follow thee!

The Djinnee: Then thou shalt see the glare
Of lightnings. Hear the groan
And split of tearing rock!
The splintering crash of stone,
And beast-like yells that mock
Screams that shall pierce the air!
Thou shalt shudder for man in the making,
Cringe in the horror of seeing!
Thou shalt feel the convulsion, the shaking
Of the world in the labor of being!

(They go to one side of the stage and the curtain rises on the cave-man scene.)

ACT III.
THE SLAYER'S REWARD

Characters

THE REWARD.
THE HUNTER.
THE SLAYER.
THE FATHER.
VILLAGERS.

SCENE: The home of the cave-men.

When the curtain rises, a solitary cave-man is seen, seated and monotonously beating a tom-tom. The Father, chief of the tribe, and an old man, enters from his cave. He shambles to the center of the stage, then lifts up his arms, and gives one long drawn yell. It is the summons for the cave-people to assemble.

From all sides the cave-people troop in, and begin circling around the tom-tom in a clumsy dance. They are stooping, awkward creatures, not far removed from the monkey stage. They keep up a monotonous, wordless chant as they dance. Among the dancers are the Hunter and the Slayer. The Hunter is by far the most handsome of all the cave-men, a husky, stalwart, young man. The slayer is an ugly, much scarred, brutal creature.

Presently The Girl enters from the Father's cave. She is about to join in the dance when the Slayer seizes her. She cries out in terror and the Hunter rushes to her rescue. He pulls the Slayer away from her, and the two men clinch, and roll on the ground, snarling and biting.

The Father rushes up and kicks them apart, assisted by other cave-men. The Hunter and the Slayer both begin gabbling to the Father, each trying to plead his cause. They gesticulate toward The Girl, strike themselves on the chest, and shake their fists at each other. The Girl watches them fascinated. The dance has stopped and the cave-people gather around much interested. The Father refuses to arbitrate the matter, and indicates to The Girl that she shall choose between them. The Girl looks at them both, and then rushes into the arms of the Hunter.

The Slayer, with a howl of protest, claws at her garments to attract her attention to him. Failing in this, he hastily goes into his cave, and returns immediately, bringing his possessions—skins, necklaces, and various other trinkets. These he throws at the feet of The Girl, and with whimperings and whinings, finally attracts her attention.

When The Girl sees the Slayer's possessions, she leaves the arms of the Hunter, and fairly falls upon the things. She picks up each article, examining it and admiring it. She puts on the jewelry, crooning and cooing over it with joy. The Hunter at last attracts her attention back to himself. She looks longingly from him to the trinkets and back again. She seems to demand of him what he can offer, but he has nothing to offer except a few trifles he has about him, and his undying love. She is about to embrace him, but the Slayer angrily pulls her back, starting to gather up his things. She wants the things—yearns for them. She cannot decide. The Slayer takes his possessions back to his cave, then returns grunting defiantly. The cave-people gather around and begin to take part in the affair. The men are all in favor of having her choose the Hunter. They point to him in admiration and seem to tell of his bravery. The women, on the other hand, shake their

heads, and, pointing towards the cave of the Slayer, remind her of his treasures.

Finally, the Father, tired of this seemingly endless argument, flings The Girl roughly aside, and seems to have a method of his own for solving the problem. He steps forward between the two rivals, and indicates that they shall go forth to the hunt, the Hunter in one direction and the Slayer in the other. Whoever shall bring home the largest kill before sundown shall have The Girl. The rivals give their oath to the Father to abide by this. The Girl agrees to it too. As they depart the Hunter looks to her for encouragement. She holds out her arms to him, and seems to tell him that she hopes he will win. The two men exit, one right and the other left, the cave-people trailing after them.

The Girl is left alone on the stage. She sits down by the entrance of her Father's cave, and begins working at pottery making. Her mind is not on her work. Presently she gets up, looks cautiously in all directions, steals into the Slayer's cave, and comes back with his trinkets. She plays with them and pats them. Then as voices off stage are heard, she hastily runs and puts them back in his cave. Two cave-women enter, carrying water jars which they place at the entrance of the Father's cave. They chatter with The Girl for a moment. In their talk with her, they seem to be discussing her two lovers. They point in the direction in which the Slayer went, then toward his cave, and again indicate their admiration of his property. Then they point in the direction in which the Hunter went and shake their heads. The Girl looks thoughtfully toward the Slayer's cave, then points in the direction in which the Hunter left. She smiles and clasps her arms to her breast, indicating that she loves him. The cave-women depart, shaking their heads. It is beyond them to conceive of her not wanting to be the rich wife of the Slayer.

The Girl, alone again, seems to be pondering deeply. She looks in the direction in which the Hunter went, holding out her arms imploringly, but even so, she keeps glancing towards the Slayer's cave. Suddenly she rushes into the Slayer's cave, comes out with his things, and runs into her Father's cave with them.

The Slayer returns. He has a very small kill, a rabbit, and he looks disconsolate. His gestures indicate that he remembers his oath to the Father, and he bows to his fate. He sits down at the tom-tom, beating it and howling dismally.

The Girl is seen furtively watching him from the entrance of her Father's cave. Presently the Hunter returns. He has a big kill and is yelling with joy. The Girl sees him and rushes into his arms with a glad cry. The Slayer, quite distraught, decides to make one more trial at tempting her with his wealth. He goes into his cave, and discovers the theft of his things. He comes out in a rage, rushes at the Hunter and kills him. He then seizes The Girl and drags her to his cave. Just as one long drawn scream from her pierces the air, bringing the cave-people rushing in, the curtain goes down.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl back to the center of the stage.)

The Girl: Spirit, my heart grows sick.
Guide me I plead!
The shadows, the clouds are thick.
'Twas Greed, vile Greed
That haunted me!

The Djinnee: Then banish Greed from thee!

The Girl: Oh, spirit, lead me from this hateful night!
Far in the distance I can see dim light.

The Djinnee: The light thou seest is the faintest glow,
The flush of this world in its early morn!
Into that fragrant dawning wouldst thou go?

The Girl: Show me, kind spirit, how my soul was born!

(They exit, followed by the Evil Spirit of Greed.)

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(Again The Djinnee and The Girl come before the curtain.)

The Girl: Spirit, a sweet contentment seems to steal
Over my weary being. I do feel
As if I wandered through some fragrant wood,
From out whose pathways I should never roam.

The Djinnee: Thy mind recalls this once dear neighborhood,
For now dost thou draw near to thy first home!
Lift up thy veil and see
The comrades who were then so dear to thee!

(They retire to the right of the stage and the curtain rises on the Dryad scene.)

ACT IV.
THE SOUL OF THE DRYAD

Characters

The Dryad.
The Shepherd.
The Siren.
Pan
Pride
Jealousy } Evil Spirits.
Greed
Nymphs.

Scene: *The curtain rises on a woodland scene. The Nymphs are gathered about a little knoll near a pool. The 1st Nymph sings, assisted by the others.*

1st Nymph: What is the secret the woodland tells?
What is the song she sings?
Whence come her wondrous, magic spells
Woven of a thousand springs?

Love! Love! Fill my shadowed aisle
With the gay, glad echoes of thy play!
'Tis love, love makes the spring to smile,
Soft I hear the woodland say!

(The pipes of Pan are heard in the distance.)

1st Nymph: Whence comes that piping? 'Tis Pan! 'Tis Pan!
'Tis his merry notes we hear!
Oh, frolicsome god, half beast, half man,
Can it be thou art near?

Pan: Dance! Prance! Let the woodland ring
With the mirthful madness of thy play!
Drink! Drink the gladness of the spring,
For Pan comes capering thy way!
(Enter Pan. Dance of Pan and the Nymphs.)
(There is a pause in the dance.)

1st Nymph: Oh, happy, happy Pan, thy pipes do play
The very shreds of sadness from the world away!

2nd Nymph: Pan, Pan, what art thou but a laugh, a smile?

Pan: A jest, a living jest made in this clumsy style
To please thy fancy, and thy fancy and thine!
Laugh! Sing then! Thy song is like sweet wine
To make the pulses leap and the heart glow!
With me make war against old crying Woe!
Drown all his groans with laughter!

2nd Nymph: Caper thou, Pan, and we will follow after!

Pan: Here, there, everywhere in a mad dance we'll go!
(They dance and come gradually to a pause again.)

1st Nymph: Goat-god, when thou art near joy rules us all!

2nd Nymph: Tell us, do mortals answer to thy call
And follow thee?

Pan: Oft to this glade
Do mortals wander, charmed and yet afraid.
Its joy they strive to find. Their half-blind eyes
Do burn with eagerness!

2nd Nymph: Should we surprise
Some mortal shepherd, Pan, then should we know
A mortal love?

Pan: Thy quivering heart would grow
Into a tortured thing, a burning pain.

2nd Nymph: If that is true, then what would be the gain
Of knowing love? Yet voices all about
Do whisper 'Love! Love!'

Pan: Nay! Laugh and shout!
Love's dangerous! Play's the thing!
Dance, lovely comrades, heed the call of spring!
Hers is the voice of revel, of the birth
Of strange sweet madness over all the earth!

2nd Nymph: Pan, in thy heart must that sweet madness glow!

Pan: 'Tis joy, joy strangling the cries of woe!
Turning his sobs to laughter!

2nd Nymph: Caper thou, Pan! And we will follow after!

Pan: Here, there and away into the woods we go!

All: Heigh-ho, and away and away into the woods we go!

(The Nymphs frolic away off stage and Pan crouches down by the pool.)

Pan: *(Sadly, as the echoes of their words reach him):*
Heigh-ho! And away and away—
And the voice of our hearts must silent stay.
The pains and the tears we must banish away!
Heigh-ho! And away and away!

(Voices of the Nymphs off stage echo the last line.)

Pan: Heigh-ho! And away and away—
Pan's but a jest, a thing made to play!
Why, Pan has no heart! Ah, well an a day!
Heigh-ho! And away and away!

(Pan casts off his sadness and once more begins to play on his pipes.)

(A Voice from down in the pool takes up Pan's song.)

Voice: Heigh-ho! And away and away—
Poor Pan had a heart. It was wont to stray,
And the loved ones it sought for had naught to say
But heigh-ho! And away and away!

(Pan crouches down, trembling.)

Pan: Thy words are true, thou lovely evil thing!
Can my poor sorrow to thy cold heart bring
A taste of pleasure? Is it worth thy while
To cast on my poor follies thy slow smile,
The smile that turns thy victim's blood to ice?

Voice: Thou ugly prancing beast, I tell thee thrice
And more times yet have I seen thee pursue
Thy fleeting love!

Pan: And thy mean spirit drew
From my despair, a jest! My pipes I'll play,
I'll have no more of thee!

Voice: One moment stay,
Thou capering goat. If thou thy grief wouldst kill
Let revenge be the salve to cure thine ill.
Let others grieve. Rejoice while they do weep!
I still do please men's eyes. My pool is deep
And filled with magic liquid. Those who taste
Its bitter sweetness in love's reckless haste,
Are turned to loathsome beings! Play, Pan, play!
Let thy pipes make some mortal's feet to stray
Into this grove. I'll turn his heart to flame!
And he shall drink! Drink, Pan! 'Tis a game!
A jest to make thy foolish heart forget
Its hopeless love, its aching, vain regret!

Pan: Thy cruel words arouse the beast in me!
Oh, that I were all god, a spirit free
From mortal passions!

Voice: Wouldst thou laugh agai.

Pan: Tell me, thou fiend, can pain rejoice in pain?
I grant thee for all joys we have to pay
A price—the memory of the yesterday!
I will be glad! I will be glad! Say on
Thou temptress! Shall I now be gone
To find for thee a lover?

Voice: Go thou, Pan!
We shall make sport of poor, weak, mortal man!

(A man's voice is heard off stage.)

Visions do greet mine eyes, then quickly fade.
Into what mystic woodland have I strayed?"

Listen, goat-god, a mortal voice I hear.
Hasten, and with thy magic draw him near!

(Pan capers about with his pipes and softly takes up his old song.)

Pan: Heigh-ho! And away and away—
Come hither, thou wanderer, come and play!
Thy love is calling to thee today!
Heigh-ho! And away and away!

(The voices of the Nymphs off-stage echo the last line. Enter the Shepherd. He seems in a daze and looks about wonderingly. Pan crouches away so that the Shepherd does not see him.)

Shepherd: Faint music do I hear. Sweet melodies
Do haunt these woods, borne by the fragrant breeze
They come to tease my senses, to awake
New longings in my breast. The very trees do shake
And quiver with expectancy. What grove is this?

(The Siren rises from the pool in a glow of light. She stretches her arms towards him. He stands transfixed by the vision.)

Siren: Here shalt thou learn the meaning of love's kiss!

Shepherd: Surely I dream! My eyes deceive me quite.
Thou radiant, wondrous vision of delight,
What art thou?

Siren: Draw thou near and see!
The love deep in my eyes is all for thee,
For thee alone and thou dost so desire!

Shepherd: Thy beauty burns me with a living fire!
Thine eyes hold mine. I may not turn away!

Siren: Thine whole desire is thine and thou dost stay!
My arms yearn for thee. Pray draw nearer still.
My lips are thine, thine only! Do thy will!
(He bends over her, not daring to kiss her.)

Shepherd: Thou art too beautiful! I fear to taste such bliss!
I fear thee, yet would crush thee, kill thee for one kiss!
My heart cries out for all that thou wilt give!
Yet could man know that heaven and still live?
(He draws away from her, but she clings to him.)

Siren: So thou'rt afraid! To love thou dost not dare!

Shepherd: Thy magic holds me in a golden snare,
Quivering and faint for love, for want of thee!
Take thine enchantment from me! Set me free!
This is but burning torture!

Siren: Wouldst thou go?
Then love's sweet ecstacy thou shalt not know!
But love's despair shall reign within thine heart
Forever! Mortal, farewell! We part!
(She draws away. He clutches towards her frantically.)

Shepherd: Thou shalt not go! I tell thee thou art mine!
And I shall kiss thee! Drink thy lips like wine,
Red wine, throbbing and beating through my veins like fire
The life within me's but one mad desire
For thee! Leave me not! Pity my deep pain!
Let mine eyes see thy loveliness again!
(She reappears a bit farther away from him. He reaches towards her pleading.)

Siren: So love has made thee brave, strong to endure
The cruel white heat of passion! Art thou sure
Thou dost desire me?

Shepherd: More than the breath
Of life! Without thee, there is naught but death
Within me!

Siren: Then, mortal, shalt thou know
Love's secret, love's fulfilment ere thou go
From out this woodland. One thing thou must do
Before thy glowing, golden dream comes true.
Drink thou one draught of magic water cool
From out the crystal clearness of my pool!
If thou wouldst have my love, I beg thee this
One act to do. Then my embrace—my kiss!

Shepherd: Were it the vilest poison, still I'd drain
Its bitter depth if only I could gain
One kiss, one clinging, close embrace with thee!
(He drinks from the pool, and rises, turned into a hideous creature. The

Siren is mad with joy at what she has done. She jeers at him, gloating upon his misery.)

Siren: Thou fool! Thou fool! Thou monster; Pan, come see
Our jest! This mortal did aspire
To know my kiss! Led by this mad desire,
He drank, drank deeply from my magic pool!
Behold him now! Vile, ugly, loathsome fool!

Shepherd: What mean these words? I do not understand!
Did I not drink that draught at thy command
To win thy love? Why dost thou turn from me?

Siren: Gaze in the pool's still surface. Thou shalt see
Thy face. 'Tis beautiful indeed!
I yearn for thee! Thou art my love's great need!
Thy loveliness doth make the birds to sing!
Entrancing mortal!

Shepherd: Thou hast done this thing!
It is not true! 'Tis but an ugly dream!

Siren: Thy face is truly ugly. It would seem
Not to be that of beast, nor god, nor man!
'Tis but a freak at which to jeer! Come, Pan!
Laugh with me! Jest with me! We have played our game!
(Enter Pan.)

Shepherd: Thou hast done this thing!

Pan: Yea, I do almost pity thee, and yet
Mine own repulsive form I ne'er forget!
All mock at me. None there are who believe
That my wild heart, half beast, half god, can grieve!
One thing remains for Pan—to laugh, to sing!
Then let these pipes throughout the woodland ring!
Pan's but an elf, a living prank, set free
To romp! How should he pity thee!
(Exit Pan, capering and piping.)

Shepherd: Stay, Pan, stay! Leave me not here alone!
I know thine heart by the pain in mine own!
Gone! He is gone! He heeded not my cry.
What matters it? Better alone to die.
(The stage becomes dark.)
Darkness comes! It is the kindly night
Whose shadows hide my shame away from sight.
Is this the end of all my life? Oh, why
Should I have found this dreadful place to die
A loathsome death? Let me forget
That ever I did live, and love—Art thou there yet?
Do thy cruel eyes the darkness pierce to see
The horror that thy beauty wrought for me?
(The siren has gone, but the faces of the evil spirits spring out of the darkness, now appearing close by the Shepherd's side, now farther away.)
Thou dreadful grinning phantoms, art thou sent
To bring new terrors to me, to torment
My tortured brain to madness? Speak, I say!
(The evil spirits mock his words: "My tortured brain to madness! Speak I say!" Then they squeal and chortle in glee.)

Shepherd: Oh, let the darkness cover me away!
There is no pity in this ghastly glade.
I am myself a loathsome creature made
To mock. No kindly spirit hears
My grief. Oh, earth, drink thou my tears
Of bitter, bitter shame!
(He collapses weeping at the foot of a big tree. The evil spirits exit. Suddenly light comes and the tree opens, revealing a beautiful little Dryad.)

Dryad: What mortal tears
Fall on my tree?
What haunting fears
Have set me free?
Mortal, thy strife
Hath wakened me to life!

Hid in this oak
I heard thy woe!
When thy heart broke
Mine own did grow
Within me. See!
Thy tears gave life to me!

Unhappy youth,
Lift up thy head!
Tell me in truth
Why thy heart bled?
Arise! Awake!
I live for thy sweet sake!
(She bends over him pityingly.)

Shepherd: Dear dryad, if my tears have done for thee
Some good, if from thy prison thou art free
Through any act of mine, I welcome this
Cruel punishment as if it were sweet bliss!
Only I beg thee, leave me. Go thy way!
Join thou thy sisters in the woods at play.
Yet know thy sweet and gentle words do lend
A comfort which shall last unto the end
Of all my sad existence.

Dryad: I'll not go
And leave thee here alone.

Shepherd: It must be so.

Dryad: Ah, no, but lift thy tearful eyes to me.
In mine thou shalt read comfort. Thou shalt see
That joy still lives. Happiness is not dead.
Dear shepherd, I implore thee, lift thy head.

Shepherd: Thanks for thy tender pity. Should I raise
My head, a sight would meet thy gaze
Such as would cause disgust and fear in thee,
A sickening vision which thou shouldst not see!

Dryad: Then would that I could weep here by thy side!
Alas, that tears should be a gift denied
To such as I. Would I were mortal too.

Shepherd: An thou wert mortal, what then wouldst thou do?

Dryad: Love thee, love thee—Love?—what do I feel
Clutching my heart, making my senses reel?
Voices everywhere whisper strange things.
Mine ears do faintly hear soft, fluttering wings!
What secret hangs like fragrance on the air?
Love! Love! Thy sweet enchantment I would share!
Sing me thy song!

(The Nymphs begin singing off-stage, and come slowly into view. They sing the first stanzas of the song at the beginning of the scene.)

What is the secret the woodland tells?
What is the song she sings?
Whence come her wondrous, magic spells
Woven of a thousand springs?

Love! Love! Fill my shadowed aisle
With the gay, glad echoes of thy play!
'Tis love, love makes the spring to smile,
Soft I hear the woodland say.

(The Dryad listens fascinated. Dreamily she repeats the last two lines.)

'Tis love, love makes the spring to smile
Soft I hear the woodland say!

(She looks toward the prostrate form of the Shepherd and then flies to him.)

Dryad: I love thee! I love thee!

Shepherd: How can this be? The pain, the horror's gone!
I wake from ghastly dreams to love's fair dawn!
Sweet, tender words are whispered in mine ear.
The past's all dim. Love! Love! 'Tis thou art near,
And I will look on thee!

(He rises. His disfigurement is gone, and he is once more beautiful. He and the Dryad stand gazing into each other's eyes in silent joy.)

Shepherd: Thou art a pure, bright light
Folding my being in thy silver gleams!
Thou art the very flower of all delight
The lovely blossom of my realized dreams!

Dryad: And I am thine, thou dear one, only thine!
The love within my heart is all for thee,
And thou shalt find me like the tender vine,
Clinging in fond caress to yonder tree.

(They are almost in each other's arms when the 2nd Nymph runs forward and kneels before the Dryad, clinging to her and trying to draw her away.)

2nd Nymph: I pray thee, sister, one brief moment wait
Before thou give thyself to love's embrace.
One mortal kiss and it will be too late!
Never thy wandering steps canst thou retrace.
And mortal love is very hard to bear.
I have been told this by our comrade, Pan!
Of love's consuming flame we should beware!
Thy precious life of freedom just began.

1st Nymph: Would'st bind thyself with fetters thus so soon?
Stay with us. Dance to Pan's sweet, merry tune!

(The Nymphs gather around her and Pan enters, but the Dryad turns wistfully to the Shepherd.)

Dryad: Thy words are kind, dear nymphs, dear sisters all,
Yet must I harken to my true love's call.

Pan: Would'st thou become a mortal, foolish one?
Follies committed may not be undone.
Here thou art free! Thou canst forever play!
Thy life will be one long delightful day
Within these woods.

Dryad: Tell me if I do go
What shall befall me, Pan?

Pan: Thou'lt know
The sins of man. They shall pursue
Thee all thy many, weary lifetimes through.

Shepherd: Heed not his words! Our love is of the weave
Of heavenly things. Believe, my dear, believe!

Dryad: I do believe and yet he makes me grieve!

Pan: Grieve! Yea, grieve—already thou dost feel
Tormenting mortal passions o'er thee steal.
Wouldst see these evil sprites of mortal woe
Who shall be at thy side if thou dost go?
Come Pride, come Greed, come Jealousy into the light!

(The evil spirits come trooping into the light. The Dryad and the Nymphs draw away from them and huddle together. The Shepherd never turns his eyes from the Dryad. Pan and the evil spirits prowl and caper about in a weird half-dance, punctuated with little shrill squeals.)

Dryad: Vile phantoms thou dost fill my heart with fright!
Thou shalt not grasp me in thy cold embrace!
I'll shake thee off!

Pride: Nay, do not scoff
At me, staid, self-torturing Pride,
Writhing from tearing wounds made in my side,
Placed there by mine own hand.
Forlorn, alone thou'lt stand
With me for company!

Dryad: I fear not thee!
Now will I go
With thee, my dear,
I love thee so.

Pan: Nay, Dryad, wait!
Green Jealousy would whisper in thine ear!

Dryad: Thy wicked messages I will not hear.

Jealousy: I'll show to thee another in the embrace
Of thy false love, robbing thee of thy place!
I'll make hate fill thy heart!

Dryad: Cease thou thy dreadful art!

Shepherd: Come, my beloved, I plead!

Greed *(catching at her):*
Nay! Listen to the whimpering of Greed!
I clutch, I gobble, lie, desire
Another's blessings. I conspire

With loathsome creatures that I may attain
My wants. I live for love of gain!

Pan: These phantoms shall pursue thee if thee give
Thy love to him, through all the lives thou'lt live!

2nd Nymph: Dear Dryad, do not go!
Such mortal suffering thou shouldst never know.
The woods are sweet!
Follow us then with gaily dancing feet!

Shepherd: Dear love, do thou thy will.
My heart's but a sob for thee!
Yet stay in thy woodland still
If there thou wilt happy be.
And if I must fare alone
Through life's tedious while,
I shall smile, for I have known
The light of thy smile.

(The Dryad looks at him long, then turns to the Nymphs. The evil spirits have gone.)

Dryad: Sweet Nymphs, farewell! Thou lovely woodland glade
Forever must I leave thy kindly shade.
For thee, my dear, I'll dare all mortal strife!
Did not thy heart's cry waken me to life?
Thy sorrow from my prison set me free?
Now thy love gives a mortal soul to me.
Farewell, my sisters! Capering Pan, farewell!
No longer in thy woodland may I dwell!

Pan: My poor beast's mind can never, never see
Clearly into love's mystic twilight land.
Yet your words seem to thrill the god in me!
Partly my foolish heart can understand.
I know love sings,
The love that dares all things.

2nd Nymph: And thou wilt all thine own companions leave,
Live endless mortal lives each filled with woe?
Surely the time will come that thou shalt grieve
For this cool woodland home if thou dost go!

Dryad: Yea, for this forest oft times will I yearn,
While the harsh lessons of my life I learn.
Yet one thing do I need all else above!
My heart's a voice, a cry—love answering love!

2nd Nymph: Farewell, I am loath to lose thee, sister sprite,
Yet dimly do I know that thou art right!

Dryad *(to Shepherd):*

Give me thy hand!
Far, far away
In some new land
We'll be today!
The birds do sing.
A soft light glows above,
'Tis dawn, sweet dawn!

Shepherd: It is the dawn of love!

(They kiss and stand clasped in each other's arms while Pan and the Nymphs steal slowly away singing.)

Heigh-ho! And away and away—
Tell me, oh tell me what love doth say!
I am thine forever and ever a day!
Heigh-ho! And away and away—
Heigh-ho! And away and away!

Curtain.

BEFORE THE CURTAIN

(The Djinnee leads The Girl to the center of the stage as before.)

The Girl: Spirit, the burden from my heart has gone.
Things which did greatly trouble me seem clear!
The night is past. 'Tis dawn, sweet, radiant dawn!
I would return to him I hold most dear.
Spirit, wilt thou still linger by my side?

The Djinnee: Go, and forever with thy true love bide,
Throughout this life and all thy future lives.
All things are well if only love survives.
And now farewell! Far into space I go!

The Girl: Farewell, dear spirit—spirit, I would know
That thou art near me always, lest I grope
In darkness still as in the long ago.
Thy presence fills my heart with love and hope.

The Djinnee: Then in thy time of need,
The lessons of thy other lifetimes heed.
Farewell!

The Girl: Farewell!

(They exit different sides of the stage.)

EPILOGUE

Characters.

THE GIRL.
THE MAN.
ZAHIR-U-DIN.

SCENE: *Same as the prologue. The Girl is seated in the big chair by the fire, asleep. Zahir-u-Din sits at the center back, close to the curtains, piping, as he was just before the appearance of the Djinnee. A door-bell off stage rings. Zahir-u-Din rises to his feet, and listens.*

Zahir-u-Din: What summons breaks upon the hush of dawn?
What weary wanderer through the lonely night,
Calls out to us before the stars are gone,
Before the elves of darkness are in flight?

(Just as Zahir-u-Din exits, the bell rings again, and The Girl wakes. She looks about her in a daze and puts out her hands gropingly.)

The Girl: Spirit, where are you? I have lost my way.
About me hovering shadows of the night
Are gathering. All my senses sway.
Lead me, I pray you, spirit, into the light.

(She opens her eyes, and starts at her surroundings.)

There was a kindly presence by my side!
Where was it? Through what distant, shadow land
Have I been travelling with my mystic guide?
Was it a dream? Ah, now I understand!
Now I remember. Oh, my love is gone,
Snatched from my hungry arms, leaving me all alone!
Nothing but misery comes with this pallid dawn
Nothing but loneliness. Maybe the fault was my own.
Yet through the mist of my sorrow a something arises
Elusive, alluring. My memory catches the gleams
Of a moment of ecstasy such as the fancy devises,
Creates from the shimmering fabric of beautiful dreams!

(She stands looking dreamily into space as Zahir-u-Din enters. He salaams to her.)

The Girl: Oh, Zahir-u-Din, what brings you here? I'm confused, half asleep still. Oh, why did I wake?

Zahir-u-Din: 'Twas the ringing of the bell that woke thee, oh my mem-sahib.

The Girl: What bell, Zahir-u-Din? I heard no bell, but music and voices seem to echo in my ears from far away. Have I been sleeping long? Is it near morning?

Zahir-u-Din: Ai, the new day is drawing near, oh my mistress, and there is one whose face is wan and white, even as the dawning light, who comes to thee from long wandering through the lonely hours of night.

The Girl: Here? Zahir-u-Din, is he here?

Zahir-u-Din: He is here, even he whom thou holdest most dear.

The Girl: I will see him.

(Exit Zahir-u-Din.)

The Girl: I sent him way. It was her fault. Somehow it all seems unreal, far away. But there is a haunting reality somewhere—what music comes to me? What sweet voices whisper in my ear?

(Very, very faintly from off stage comes the melody of the Nymphs' Song—"'Tis love, love makes the spring to smile," etc. The Man enters. He is haggard and wretched, and turns to her in a heart-broken appeal.)

The Man: Your voice I seemed to hear close by my side.
I felt you calling me, and so I came.
Vainly to reason with myself I tried,
My love and grief have banished all my shame.
Laugh at me if you will, I've lost all pride.
Only I know I felt you by my side.

The Girl: My dear one, in a dream I called to you,
And you have come to make that dream come true!
It seems as if I've travelled far away,
Into a someplace far beyond, above.
Now all my doubts and fears have gone astray!
Such evil spirits could not live with love!

The Man: My love, my love, can it be you are mine?
Such joy is almost more than I can bear!

The Girl: Come, all your sorrow you must now resign.
No longer need your weary heart despair.
No longer shall you be forlorn, alone!

The Man: Such happiness, such joy I scarcely dare
To realize! Oh, my love! My own!

(They embrace, and she leads him gently towards the fireplace. She sits down in the big chair and he kneels beside her, his head in her arms. Off stage the voices of the Nymphs are heard in the song.)

The End.

Curtain.

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